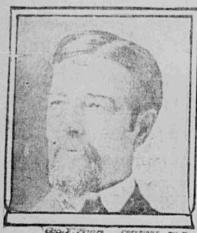


Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Master. VOLUME 46...... No. 16.298.

THE PUBLIC LEFT OUT.



At Tuesday's meeting of the minrs and operators "there was nothing but talk, talk, talk," according to George F. Baer.

"They talked of the brotherhood of man and of the rights of the working classes, but it was all glittering generalities." But what had Mr. Baer himself to offer more substantial for conclitation?

Obviously there was no word at all about that other glittering generality, the rights of the public. Unfortunately there is no spokesman for the consumer at these conferences. Back of the operators are mountains

of mined coal and back of the miners a large strike fund. Back of the consumer is only an empty bin. Already he is ground between the upper and nether millstones. For white ash coal in egg, stove and chestnut sizes he is paying 50 cents more acton, for red ash 75 cents more, and for smaller sizes \$1 additional.

As the month's consumption of hard coal in New York and Brooklyn averages 800,000 tons, this additional cost is about \$500,000 monthly. For whose benefit is the arbitrary tax levied?

Clearly not for the union fund. What part goes to the dealer and what part ultimately to the operator is not so material as that the consumer, the helpless victim of the warring forces, is entitled to relief.

At to-day's conference let there be a more earnest effort to get together. On each party to the dispute rests a responsibility which should prompt concessions and encourage a greater show of regard for the suffering public.

BOMB-THROWERS IN NEW YORK.

It is getting to be a bad habit of certain persons in New York to throw bombs, sometimes in cowardly revenge upon an enemy, more often as part of a sordid plot to get money without working by playing upon persons' fears.

It is time New York made an example of those who commit such dastardly crimes. The severe punishment of the culprits who wrecked Sampiere's shop in Brooklyn would do much to discourage their fellows from repeating the offense. But even more important than severity is

Bomb-throwers are not apt to be people who would be awed by the slow and ordered processes of the law or grateful for its exaggerated care of the individual defendant. They would be very much impressed by processes in which there are no "errors" and no "appeals," but a very prompt punishment as heavy as the statutes permit.

BETTER CARS DOWNTOWN.

The improvements ordered by the State Railroad Commission on the east side and downtown car lines will remedy conditions which have long been scandalous.

It is doubtful if any city of 10,000 could show a more disreputable car service than that on which a community of 500,000 in Manhattan has long been dependent for transit between ferries south of Grand street and

onthe continence of the Editor of The Evening World: and on the Continent? They are adapted to obviate the blockades which are a main source of complaint on these lines.

AWSWERS to QUESTIONS Described and a detailing over him since my queer view of a New Yorker (and the family purse work justify a cab, they stay at nome and send fulloy out in the rain one and send fulloy out in the rain of the Editor of The Evening World: I am a cosmopolite. I have lived in many lands. Your Manifer they are adapted to obviate the blockades which are a main source of complaint on these lines.

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At Odell's Training Quarters. By J. Campbell Cory.



LETTERS from the PEOPLE

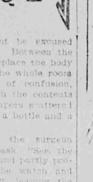
The CRIME & of the LAST HOUSE By Arthur Morrison

CHAPTER I.

ARTIN HEWITT and a police

It's awful. I can't stop there.".

She was a strongly built, sunen-looking girl, with prominent eyebrows and at rather brutal expression of face; consequently her extreme nervous aging the glass shade tation, her distorted face and her tears the manufacture of the manufacture



is." But the girl shuddered and soticed charred remains of a piece or two of She was a strongly built, sullen-look-



were the more noticeable.

"There's something that may be of some use to the police." he remarked, house.

The policeman touched he belowed.

The boliceman touched he belowed.

The bear the had broughtfully. Just then the ladder to be head on the ladder to be head on the ladder to be head on the looked.

The boliceman touched the ladder to be head on the ladder to be head on the looked.

The bear the head of the ladder to be head on the looked the ladder to be head o

looks bad, I can get your grown of that it is want and the same and th

Mrs. Beckle looked from him to the down and rested her head on her nd. 'Well, I suppose I must say it, bugh I've kept it to myself till now,' a said, resignedly, 'He's my brother-

I-law.

"It was a bad day when he married by sister. He killed her—not at once, to that he might have been hung for but by a course of regular brutality and starvation. I hated the man't he said, with a quick access of paston, which, however, she suppressed tonce. at once. "And you let him stay in your house?"

house?"
"Oh, I don't know. I was afrail of him, and he used to come just when he pleased and practically take possession of the house. I couldn't keep him away; and he drove away my other lodgers." She suddenly fired up again. "Wasn't that enough to make anybody desperate? Can you wonder at anothing"

at anothing?

She quieted again by a quick effort, and Hewitt and the inspector exchanged glances.

"Let me see. He was captain of the sailing ship Exret, wasn't he?" Hewitt asked. "Lost in the Pacific a year or "Yea".

"If I remember the story of the loss exight, he and one mative hand—a Kanaka boy—were the only surviv-

Kanaka boy—were the only survivors?"

"Yes, they were the only two. He
was the only one that came back to
England."

"Yes. He was just now back from
his next voyage after that, I take it?"

"Yes, in the Iolanthe brig. A smaller
ship than he has been used to, and
belonging to different owners."

"Had he much money this time?"

"No. He had bought himself a gold
watch and chain abroad, and he had a
ring and a few pounds in money, and
some instruments; that was all, I think,
in addition to his clothes."

"Well, they've all been stolen now,"
the inspector said. "Have you missed
anything yourself?"

"No."

"No."
"Nor the other lodgers, so far as you know?"
"No, meither of them."
"Very well, Mrs. Beckle. We'll have a word or two with the servant now, and then I'll get you to come over the house with us."
Sarah Taff.

Why the United States Is What It Is Co-Day

FOOTS EPS OF OUR ANCESTORS IN A SERIES OF THUMBNAIL SKETCHES. What They Did;

Why They Did It: What Came Of It.

By Albert Payson Terhune. No. 7 .- THE PURITANS: A Sect That Sought What It Would

Not Give. (18 IRE," explained the Duke of Buckingham, "they are a sour sect, who frown on Your Majesty's gay court as a nest of Belial, and who want all the world to be as pure of life as they."

"A sect of 'Puritans,' eh?" suggested Charles L, smiling at-the oddly coined word, which was then a bit of court slang; and not dreaming that the derisive phrase was later to be accepted, to be taken up, as an honored title for a body of men who had already made their influence felt in Charles's kingdom; had settled in his New England colonles, and were destined, in a few years, to dethrone and behead their dissolute sovereign.

They were a strange class, these crop-haired, ill-clad men, who had been evolved in sharp reaction from the pleasure-loving, luxurious nobles of the Stuart court. The pendulum which was to swing from godless luxury to harsh, uncompromising piety and simplicity, had its first expression in the Puritans.

Colony Founded for Religious Reasons.

They deemed themselves the chosen people of the Almighty; a little flock set aside for salvation from among the throng of the ungodly.

Unable to practise religion according to their own standards, in their own country-for they would embrace neither Roman Catholicism nor the tenets of the established Dpiscopal Church of England-they sought out the new Western land beyond the Atlantic, where, in the wilderness, they planned to form a colony that should worship God in its own way and be free from the thousand restrictions which, in the Motherland, hemmed in every act of free will.

Had the Puritans been content to establish for themselves such a home for religious toleration and to extend similar leniency to other refugees, there would be fewer stains on New England's early history. But these newly freed victims of religious persecution at once established an arbitary church government, based on no command of the New Testament, and remorselessly persecuted, and even put to death, any fellow-colonists who did not wholly conform to their bitter creed. Innocent women were put to torture and even burned by them, as witches; peaceful Quakers and Catholic priests were driven from among them on pain of death; persons who did not subscribe to such gentle notions as belief in the eternal damnation of unbaptized infants were severely punished for their

A cold, stern race colonizing a sold, stern land; a people whose festival days. Hawthorne says, were as sad as other people' days of general mourning. To kiss one's wife on Sunday was deemed mortal sin. To be born on Sunday was to go far toward marking one's self a child of Satan, without

Harsh, unjust, uncharitable as were the Puritans they served a grand purpose, not only in establishing the first American colony, whose fruits were dedicated to the service of God, but also in supplying a much-needed "backbone" to both America and England.

In both countries the body politic was sick—depleted from dissipation, corruption and misrule. Puritanism was the strong, very unpleasant medicine that effected a painful but most necessary cure. Though the pendulum in time swung back, the once-universal influence of Puritanism is to this day all-powerful for right, for manliness, for religion, for sterling virtues.

day all-powerful for right, for manliness, for religion, for sterling virtues. The "medicine" itself departed with the disease it cured. But America and the whole world will always remain the better and the stronger for it. No one man can properly be styled the motive power of the New England colonists. It was a general religious movement rather than the genius of an individual that settled the Massachusetts tract.

In the early winter of 1620 a shipload of Pilgrims—middle class, pious folk of stanch English working stock—landed from the Mayflower at Plymouth Rock, Rigors of winter and peril from savages had no power to turn aside these men of iron.

ages had no power to turn aside these men of iron. From the bleak wilderness they wrung a living and a permanent home. Their venture prospered, and soon they won the favor of Massasoit, Canonicus and other local Indian chiefs, who did much to forward the set-

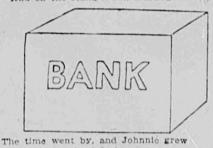
Encouraged by the success of the Plymouth pioneers, a large con-shat I can do to make my twelve-year- ging a tired, reluctant husband to res-course of English Puritans, known as the Massachusetts Bay colony, sailed dd son a better boy? I don't seem to taurant or theatre. If the night be too in five ships to America, in 1628, and landed at Salem. They bore a self-cave any authority over him since my rainy for their clothes and the family government charter from Charles I., and set out at once to establish a permanent community whose keynotes were strict Calvinism and hare

South America and the West Indies were settled by gold seekers, Virginia by "younger sons" and down at the heel gallants, whose aim was easily won fortune. New England, greatest and most enduring of all the early settlements, was established by Godfearing home-seekers. Through all hardships it endured and waxed prosperous, softening in tone its first settlers' harsh methods, but never departing from their sturdy virtues.

Anybody Who Reads This Column Will in a Short Time Know All That's

THE TWO BOXES.

W HEN Johnnie Jones was ten years old His mother set apart for him A room that he might call his own And use according to his whim. And one would know 'twas Johnnie's room For round the walls a sturdy rank Of bats and shinny clubs appeared, And on the stand a box marked



To be a youth of dashing air: And in his mother's patient head Appeared some strands of grayish hair. For on the dresser in his room (And this is why his mother frets) Another little box is seen. It's marked



CLEVER THINGS I NEVER SAID By Lowe R. Case.



M Y dear old "Yes," I agreed, wittly, "and how indissolubly they're woven into the fabric of golden buck all the rost of the

Pierpont alorgan,
was babbling to me
of the joys of
spring (not the sort
of spring that
of spring that of spring that stocks are watered from, but the kind that gives us bock and that tired feeling).

"How indissolubly the Rabbit and the Egg ars woven into the fabric of golden Daster tradition!" he exclaimant should eask Grandra to lend him should make Grandra to lend him should make Grandra to lend him should make Grandra would never see the joke."

Interposed hastily.